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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with N

**Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources**

**From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection**

For The Journal.
LINES,

Suggested by the arrival of the remains of President Lincoln in Chicago.

BY MRS. M. J. NATE.

Bear him on tenderly, lying in death;
Chant each dirge mournfully, hushed be each breath;
Tearfully gaze on his calm, placid brow,
Who dwelleth 'mid seraphs and chorubim now?

Strew with rare blossoms the sad funeral path,
Now, as ye bear our *lou'd ruler* in death;
Pattern of goodness, of greatness, was he,
Whose mandate hath made brave Columbia free.

Well may we honor the sainted one's bier—
Well may we shed the heart's tribute, a tear;
Earth loses his pattern, our nation a guide,
Who hath saved us 'mid peril and treason's dark tide.

Emblems immortal, his deeds are enshrined
For ever, of all that is noble and kind;
Who resteth so trustfully, peacefully now,
While heaven seems gleaming upon the still brow?

A martyr to Freedom; O, God, can it be?
O, Then who didst take him, we leave him with
Thee.
O, save us, dear Saviour, amid our great grief;
Be Thou to us now, a solace, relief.

EVANSTON, ILL. CHICAGO JOURNAL MAY '65

A NEW YANKEE DOODLE!

A friend has sent us the following new Yankee Doodle, which, by some means, he obtained from the Confederates. The *encore* seems to indicate that they look for a final re-union of the States.—God grant that we may once more be a great, united, prosperous and happy people:

A Confederate Camp Song.

BY NAT NEAL

Old Yankee Doodle took a saw,
With patriot devotion,
To trim the tree of liberty
According to his notion.
Yankee Doodle on a limb,
Like another Noodle,
Cut between the tree and him,
And down came Yankee Doodle.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

Old Yankee Doodle broke his neck
And every bone about him;
But still the tree of liberty
Grows very well without him.
But e're he di'd "Dear Abo," he cried,
"Put Sambo in the saddle—
Let him be free—and soon you'll see
The chivalry skedaddle."

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

When Yankee Doodle struck the sword,
And "Bull Creek" race was over,
Jeff Davis came with "bean-regard"
And laid him under cover.
So 'neath the tree of liberty,
His carcass now is sleeping,
And buzzards gray, at close of day,
Are often seen there weeping.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

The tragic deed gavo magic speed,
To all "*la armie grande*"—
Each spent his breath to a'nounce the death
Of "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
Thro' wood and vale, o'er hill and dale,
They hurry, helter skelter,
Nor heed the rain, nor mud, or pain,
Till Washington gives shelter.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

In transport quite, sat Scott that night,
His feet in tepid water—
With creams and punch, and oyster lunch,
Imagining the slaughter!
His smile was scorn—but early morn
His dream of triumph banished—
He hears the cry, "they shriek, they fly!"
His banner-bird has vanished.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

Old "Lundy Lane" gets up again,
Puts "Mack" into the saddle—
And now they fight from dawn till night,
Slay thousands—then "skedaddle."
Thus led by fate, from State to State,
They march—deploy—and scamper;
Till Shiloh's slain and Richmond's plain
Gives Jonathan "a damper."

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

To "Auntie-Tam" came Uncle Sam,
Eq'tipped—to crush the rebels;
But "Stonewall" said, "the dog is dead—
I've David's sling and pebbles."
A single throw laid Sam so low,
His soldiers couldn't find him—
The Major ran—and mule and man
Went galloping bel'ind him.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

We've paused awhile to take "*a smile*,"
And talk about the season;
And view the dance begun by Frisco,
With "Jusrez,"* without reason.
And now that Yankee Doodle's dead,
The people have a fancy,
To institute another song,
And call it after Yancey.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb,
Like another Noodle,
Cut between the tree and him,
And down came Yankee Doodle.

Encore.

The Northern Stars and Sonthern Bars,
May try each other's mettle;
And yet the twain unite again,
And Sambo's *status* settle.
The Banyan tree of Liberty,
Must overtop all others—
And propagate, in spite of fate,
The branches which it mothers.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle on a limb, &c.

P. S.—Yankee Doodle personates the abolitionists, but not the Northern people.

*President of Mexico.

THE MAUL

By

Mary E. Nealy*"Give War in Long & Story"*

I saw a boy in a black-jack wood
With a tall, lank, awkward "figger,"
Striking away with his heavy maul
By the side of a young slave "nigger."
And he said to himself, "I'll maul away,
And cleave a path before me;
And hew all "black-jacks" out of my way,
Till the Star of Fame shines o'er me."

I saw him again on a broad swift stream;
But the maul this time was a paddle,
And I watched the tiny rainbow's gleam,
As he made the waves skedaddle.
And he said, "I'll paddle away, away
Till space shall flee before me;
And I yet shall live to see the day
When the Star of Fame shines o'er me."

I saw him again, with his musty books,
A-pondering Coke and Story;
And little there was in his homely looks
To tell of his future glory.
But he said, "I'll master, I know I will,
The difficult task before me;
I'll maul my way through the hard world still,
Till the Star of Fame shines o'er me."

I saw him again, when he rose to cope,
Hand to hand, with the "Western Giant;"
His eye lit up with a beam of hope
On his sinewy strength reliant.
"I'll fight him," he said, "with the maul of Truth,
Till he shrink and quail before me
Till he stand abashed in astonished ruth,
While the Star of Fame shines o'er me."

I saw him again in the White House chair,
A-writing the Proclamation;
And the pen he used was the heaviest maul
In this rail-mauling nation.
And he said, "Tis the only way to make
The traitors flee before us;
While the light it sheds will leave a wake
That will shine when the sod grows o'er us."

I saw him again but the other night,
And he shook my hand in greeting;
And little he thought how soon I'd write,
And tell the world of our meeting.
The hand I clasped has swung the maul,
And my own has written its story.
But never, I ween, could any hand
Write half of its toil and glory.

*****O*****

THE MAUL.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

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— 6 —

Nelson, Frank Carlton

Supr.

Lincoln "It's a task to write of Lincoln for in words there's not a chance"

Lincoln

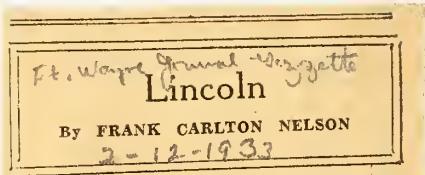
BY FRANK CARLTON NELSON

It's a task to write of Lincoln, for in words there's not a chance To pay the tribute due him or his glory now enhance, And although today's his birthday and we try our very best To eulogize his greatness, we are failures in the test.

Though the speeches will be many that will mark his day of birth, In this, our glorious country, and the lands throughout the earth, Though the world will sing its praises and we'll do the best we can, No words were ever written that are fitting for the man.

"Just a model for the ages" might express it in a way, And his great and noble teachings we should emulate today; At a time when men are selfish, in an age of graft and greed, The pattern of a Lincoln is a thing we greatly need.

So let's not attempt our praises, for by words it can't be done, But by actions pay our tribute and the battle will be won; Let us follow out his teachings in the true and honest way, And we soon will see the dawning of the new and better day.
Copyright 1933 Frank Carleton Nelson



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Copyright 1933 Frank Carleton Nelson

"hen the load seems most too heavy and
we get to feeling blue."

Lincoln

By FRANK CARLETON NELSON

When the load seems most too heavy
and we get to feeling blue,
And we lose determination and the
heart to carry through;

When we're filled with disappoint-
ment and our hopes are all but
gone,

And we figure it is useless to attempt
to carry on,

When the odds are all against us and
we're weary-like and sad,

It is good to think of Lincoln and
the troubles that he had.

Measure all the disappointments that
have ever come your way,

And compare them with his sufferings
for just a single day;

Every friendship that was hollow,
every confidence betrayed,

Every act of hate against you and
remark unjustly made;

Count them all and name them over
and it's then you will declare

That with Lincoln's tribulations you
have nothing to compare.

Through it all he fought and con-
quered, reached the greatest height
of fame,

By the truth he crushed his critics
and immortalized his name;

Proved that justice is triumphant in
this world of greed and sin,

And that right, though often hin-
dered, in the end will always win.

Taught the world its greatest lesson,
bravely fought and carried on,

And it's good to think of Lincoln
when we feel that hope is gone.

*Journal - Gazette
Feb 16 - 1935
Austin L. Clark*

Lincoln

By Frank Carleton Nelson

Let us pause before the picture,
commonlike, you say,
Wasn't much for stylish clothing, even
in his day,
Classified an ancient model in the art
of dress,
Sort o' 'backwoods' in appearance,
rustic, more or less.

Laughed at too, so history tells us,
butt of many jokes
By the ultra educated and some
wealthy folks,
Ridiculed, maligned and censured,
even hated too,
As the leader of the nation, claimed
he'd never do.

Truth is, never had much schooling,
in the way of books,
Neither was he really handsome when
it came to looks,
Criticised by eastern people rated as
"the best,"
Said he wasn' highly cultured, typi-
fied the west.

Yet within that lanky body heaven
placed a soul
With the keenest understanding for
the greatest role
Ever played by any mortal since the
world began,
Common, awkward and ungainly, yet
a perfect man.

So let's pause before the picture as we
celebrate
This, the birthday of a martyr, greatest
of the great,
And the while we pay him honor and
his deeds recall,
Can we say that we are worthy, —
worthy of it all?

Nelson, Frank C.

LINCOLN

"When the load seems most too heavy"

George
George Lincoln
By FRANK CARLETON NELSON

When the load seems most too heavy
and we get to feeling blue,
And we lose determination and the
heart to carry through,
When we're filled with disappoint-
ment and our hopes are all but gone,
And we figure it is useless to attempt
to carry on,
When the odds are all against us and
we're weary-like and sad,
It is good to think of Lincoln and the
troubles that he had.

Measure all the disappointments that
have ever come your way,
And compare them with his suffer-
ings for just a single day,
Every friendship that was hollow,
every confidence betrayed,
Every act of hate against you and
remark unjustly made,
Count them all and name them over
and it's then you will declare
That with Lincoln's tribulations you
have nothing to compare.

He knew the common weaknesses of
mortals here below,
He knew the motive and the cause
of each and every blow
Directed at his every act whatever
it might be,
For well he knew their ruthlessness
and base iniquity,
And yet above it all he rose and
gallantly he stood,
A brave defender of the right and
of the common good.

Through it all he fought and con-
quered, reached the greatest height
of fame,
By the truth he crushed his critics
and immortalized his name,
Proved that justice is triumphant in
this world of greed and sin,
And that right, though often hindered,
in the end will always win;
Taught the world its greatest lesson,
bravely fought and carried on,
And it's good to think of Lincoln
when we feel that hope is gone.

SINCE LINCOLN'S DAY

By FRANK CARLETON NELSON

When Lincoln went to Washington in eighteen-sixty-one,
The social lights were greatly shocked and poked a lot
of fun
At style dress and length of legs and whiskers on his
face.
And figured him, as president, a national disgrace;
In Gotham, when he journeyed through, 'tis said they
laughed and jeered.
And ridiculed his awkwardness whenever he appeared;
They didn't hesitate at all their feelings to express,
When they beheld this masterpiece of human homeliness.

All through his years as president his critics schemed
and fought,
They little knew or understood the miracle God wrought
When He designed of common clay and gave unto this
man
The greatest mind of that great age to carry out His
plan;
Dishonesty of every kind and tricks that traitors use,
Betrayal by his would-be friends and personal abuse,
These difficulties all were his to bravely meet and bear.
Throughout the years he occupied the presidential chair.
It hasn't been so very long since jeers and laughs they
gave
To one whom God had sent to earth our glorious land
to save;
In time it hasn't been so long, just three score years and
ten,
Since from this earth a traitor's hand removed this king
of men;
They boasted then of progress made, 'twas only vain
conceit,
Today we're prone to brag and boast with confidence
complete;
Has human nature changed since then, has progress
since been made?
Or can it be that through the years we've failed to make
the grade?

Nelson, Hope

Lincoln, the School Boy

"His school was a cabin
built of logs --"

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

LINCOLN THE SCHOOL BOY

His school was a cabin built of logs,
His desk was a rude pine form,
In winter he helped to split the wood
That kept the schoolroom warm.

He used a shingle for a slate,
His pen was made of a quill,
His teachers oft could scarcely spell,
Though they swayed the birch with skill.

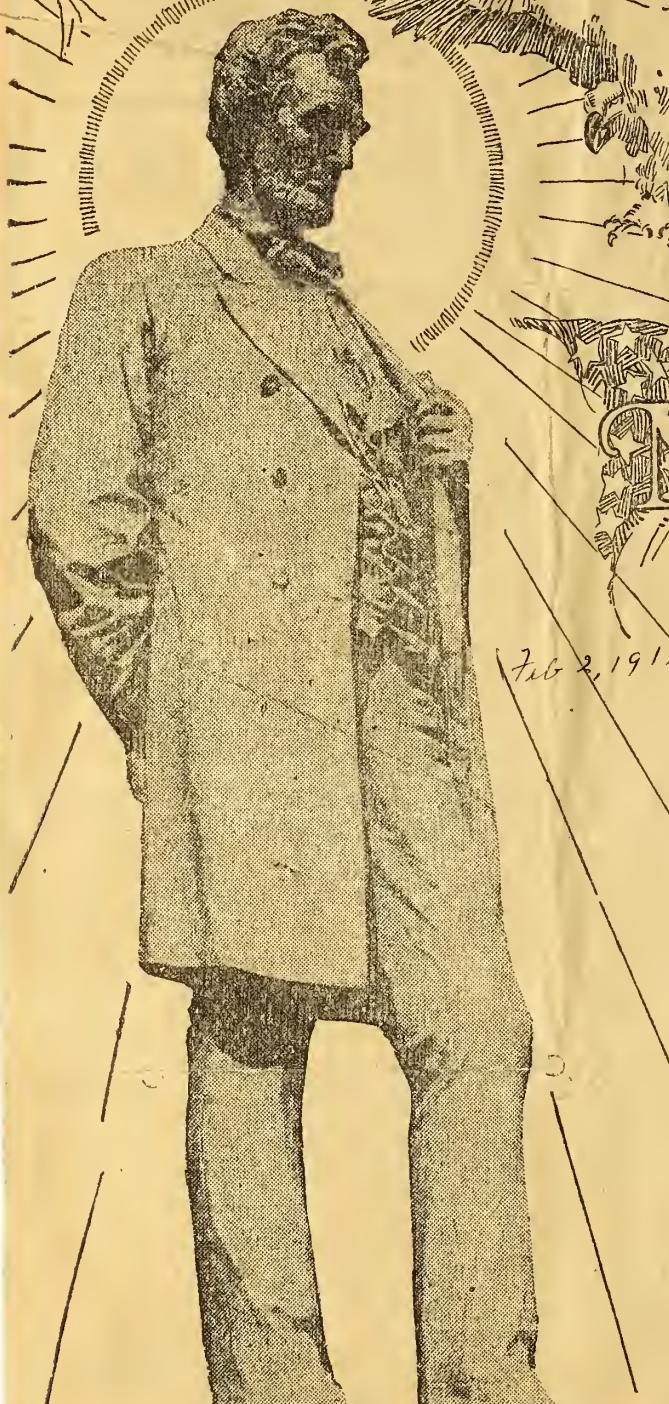
He'd never met the wise and great,
The books he read were few,
He studied nights by the pine knot's flame,
But, O, how much he knew!

A simple backwoods schoolboy, who
Full little guessed that he
In every schoolhouse in the land
Wou!d, some day, honored be.

—Hope Nelson

The Man LINCOLN

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



NOT as the great who grow more great
Until from us they are apart
He walks with us in man's estate:
We know his was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim
The humanness of other men.
To-day we are akin to him
As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands.
Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged kings.
But he above these others stands
As one who loved the common things:
The common faith of man was his.
The common faith in man he had—
For this to-day his grave face is
A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff.
As honest as the fruitful soil.
Gnarled as the friendly trees, and rough
As hillsides that had known his toil:
Of earthy stuff—let it be told.
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought.
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out His plan.
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Come to pay tribute to the Man.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a mystic fame—
No stroke of fortune nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.



FREY

LINCOLN.

WE mark the lowly place where he was born,
We try to dream the dreams that starred his
nights
When the rude path that ran beside the corn
Grew to a fair broad way which found the heights;
We try to sense the lonely days he knew,
The silences that wrapped about his soul
When there came whispers tremulous and true
Which urged him up and onward to his goal.

We look today, not through Grief's mist of tears,
Not through glamour of nearness to the great,
But down the long, long corridor of years
Where stand the sentinels of Fame and Fate,
And now we see him, whom men called uncouth,
Grown wondrous fair beneath the hand of Time,
And know the love of liberty and truth,
Brings immortality, and makes sublime.

But, O, this rugged face with kindly eyes!
Wherein a haunting sorrow ever stays!
Somehow it seems that through the sorrows rise
The echoed visions of his other days,
That still we may in subtle fancy trace
The light that led him with prophetic gleams—
That here we gaze upon the pictured face
Of one who was a boy that lived his dreams!
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in "A Friend or Two Calendar," published by P. F. Volland & Co., Chicago]

Neumann, Arthur

LINCOLN

"His face was homely, so men say"

LINCOLN

His face was homely—so men say.
I see but beauty there,
The beauty of a gentle heart—
A heart that came to bear
The burden of a nation's trust
In times of grave unrest.
He cut away the shameful scar
That marred the noble breast.

ARTHUR NEUMANN.

Hartfield Library
6/2/43

Nevers, Robert Allison "I stood before his statue"

SP?

ON READING AN ARTICLE BY MACKINLAY KANTOR

I stood before his statue
On the Constitution Mall
And conferred at length as in a dream
With the man in the marble hall.

I read the lines upon his face,
The words on either wall,
And back and forth I gently paced
Before that Grecian hall.

I heard his creaking voice intone
His spirit and commands,
And then he left his seat of stone
And gently took my hands.

His eyes were sad and somber,
Yet twinkled beneath his brows.
He said: "Come with me yut yonder,
Away from this marble house."

We walked the fields of Gettysburg;
We saw the blooded shrouds;
And on from there to Fredricksburg
To the Battle Above the Clouds.

On and on and on we walked.
He didn't say a word.
We listened for the dead to talk,
And he that night was heard.

Beneath the bright and twinkling stars,
Beneath the sighing wind,
They unwound their mournful melodies
To their walking next of kin.

They must have told him how they gave,
And fought and duly died.
The stars and stripes were torn but saved,
And he personified.

Then he took a turn with me
Through other glades of time.
We walked the shores of Galilee
In silent blissful rhyme.

He wished to go the way he came,
Back to his marbled hall.
He hung his head in aching shame
Through the stench of Buchenwald.

We walked on back in silence,
Back to his marble throne,
And there he sat appraising me
From saddened eyes of stone.

All he would finally tell me was
"The Drama's never done.
Righteous peace and righteous laws
Are up to you, my son."

He spoke not alone
To me alone,
His spirit to abide.
No not, I thought
To me alone,
Then remembered how he died.

For wrongs
And wrongs
We can not atone,
I got down on the stones and cried.

Suffer, suffer, ah we'll suffer
In worship at this shrine.
Suffer, suffer, ah he suffered,
With every written line.
Suffer, suffer, how he suffered,
And now his suffering's mine.

Copyright 1956,

Robert Allison Nevers
Whitefield, N. H.

Newkirk, Garrett Abraham Lincoln

"A house of logs, low, windowless
and small -"

Abraham Lincoln

By Garrett Newkirk

*A house of logs, low, windowless, and small,
Fireplace of stones and clay;
Stick-chimney queer, one southward open door
For light and cheer of day.*

*A slender woman, young, in homespun garb,
A man-child bending o'er,
Within a lowly cradle gently rocked
Upon the earthen floor.*

*A cradle rude, God's basket, like the ark
That lay among the reeds
Upon the Nile, filled with a nation's hope
And promise of great deeds.*

Outlook, Feb., 1899

Ahabam Lincoln by Garrett Newbold 79

A house of logs, low, windowless, and small
Fireplace of stones and clay;

Stuck - chimney queer, one Southward then down
For light and cheer of day.

A slender we are young, in honest farm fresh

A man - child bunting o'er
Within a low, cradle earthly rocks of

When the mother of the world

A cradle made God's broken life the rock
That lies among the rocks

When the hills, filled with a nation's hate

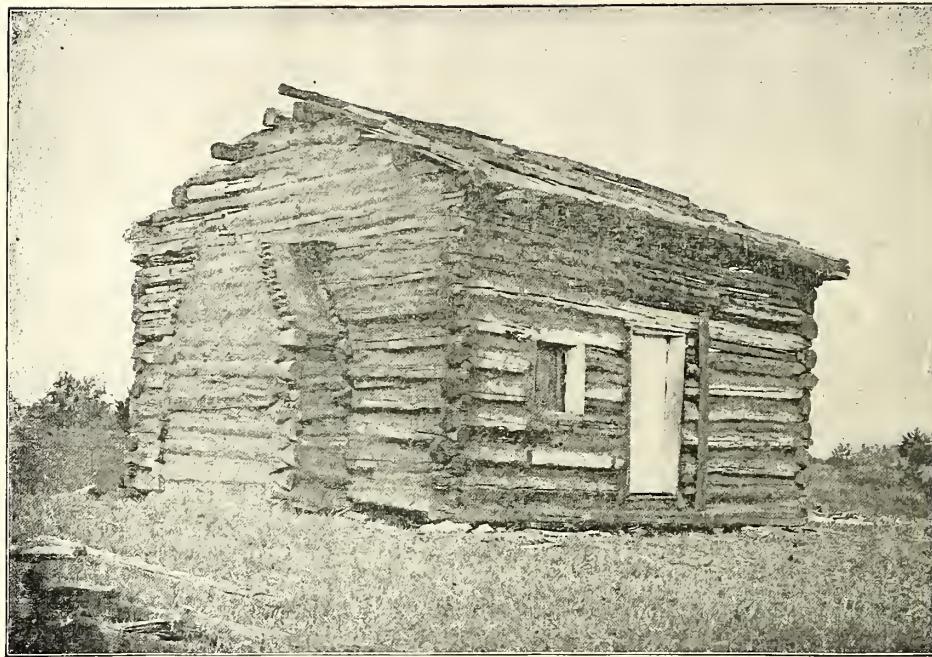
And promise of war all

Charlotte Feb 4 1879

Newkirk, George

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"A house of logs, low, windowless, and small,"



HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN

Thomas Lincoln moved into this cabin on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek, three miles from Hodgenville, in La Rue County, Kentucky, in 1808; and here, on February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born. The cabin was long ago torn down, but the logs were saved. The new owners, in August, 1895, rebuilt the old cabin on the original plan. The Outlook reproduces this picture, by permission, from a photograph taken for the S. S. McClure Company and copyrighted by it.

Abraham Lincoln

By Garrett Newkirk

*A house of logs, low, windowless, and small,
Fireplace of stones and clay;
Stick-chimney queer, one southward open door
For light and cheer of day.*

*A slender woman, young, in homespun garb,
A man-child bending o'er,
Within a lowly cradle gently rocked
Upon the earthen floor.*

*A cradle rude, God's basket, like the ark
That lay among the reeds
Upon the Nile, filled with a nation's hope
And promise of great deeds.*

LINCOLN, THE ANSWER

"What is the crucial need of the hour?"
Is asked in this time of stress.
"Where is the source of light and power
To guide thru this wilderness?
This is a heart cry of despair
From here and there
And everywhere.

(2)
Above the noise of the busy throng,
And the search for wealth and gain;
Above the warring din and clash,
And the moan of suffering pain,
"God," is the answer to despair,
From here, and there,
And everywhere.

(3)
"To where is our Ship of State now bent,
Plying onward in her course?"
"Is a master-hand at the guiding wheel?"
"Is brotherhood the ruling force?"
Questions thus from this land so fair
Here, and there,
And everywhere.

(4)
Above uncertainties and strife
There looms a form, thru the mist and
gloom;
And wisdom's words again we hear,
Directing us from threatening doom.
Then courage comes to this land so fair,
Here and there,
And everywhere.

Then we think of love and honesty!
Of an awkward, but most tender grace!
Of a kindly eye, and a ready wit,
Great virtues we should all embrace!
And Lincoln seems, in this land so fair
To be here, and there
And everywhere.
CARRIE M. NEWTON.

Topeka.

REUNION.

AN end at last! The echoes of the war —
The weary war beyond the western waves —
Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves :

The graves of heroes who have won the fight,
Who in the storming of the stubborn town
Have rung the marriage peal of might and right,
And sealed the cliffs and cast the dragon down.

Paeans of armies thrill across the sea,
Till Europe answers — "Let the struggle cease;
The bloody page is turned ; the next may be
For ways of pleasantness and paths of peace!" —

A golden morn — a dawn of better things —
The olive-branch — clasping of hands, again,
A noble lesson read to conquering kings —
A sky that tempests had not scour'd in vain.

This from America we hoped, and him
Who ruled her "in the spirit of his creed."
Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim,
As History records her darkest deed ?

The pilot of his people through the strife,
With his strong purpose turning scorn to
praise,
E'en at the close of battle left of life,
And fair inheritance of quiet days.

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just,
He showed how clemency should temper
power,
And, dying, left to future times in trust
The memory of his brief victorious hour.

O'ermastered by the irony of fate,
The last and greatest martyr of his cause;

Slain like Achilles at the Seæan gate,
He saw the end, and fixed "the purer laws."

May these endure, and, as his work, attest
The glory of his honest heart and hand, —
The simplest, and the bravest, and the best, —
The Moses and the Cromwell of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite,
Awestricken by the universal gloom,
See his name lustrous in Death's sable night,
And offer tardy tribute at his tomb.

But we who have been with him all the while,
Who knew his worth, and loved him long ago,
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isle
There is no room at last for Lincoln's foe.

JOHN NICHOL.

Spectator, 13th Sept.

Voice of the People

LINCOLN

A century and thirty years have passed
Since that lone, one-roomed, log cabin
Amid the snow heard his first cry;
Such a homely babe,— such a wizened faced,
Yet mothers cradle their arms in
Such queer-looking mugs; (such as you,
and I!)

Yet our future fame in which we take pride,
Strive as best we may to out-shine
Within the eyes of living men;
Shall never step with his in stride,
Shall never with men's hearts entwine,
As his, that soars beyond Earth's ken!

Blest be this Nation, having men
Born to wealth, poverty, to woe,
To all the failings, the sorrows,
That beset humanity when
From helpless babes to fullest growth we go,
Yet one sometimes far greater grows.

And then the Giants walk the Earth;
Great Sages bring us from on high
New concepts of Man's brotherhood;
New knowledge of the Primal Birth;
And teach humanity to sigh
For greater love, the common good!

Yet those who bring such message to Man
Must ever bear the burden of foul hate,
Of shame, and mockery, of the Cross!
For Man is mingled of the Earth and Sky, nor
can

He ever bear to meet, or mate,
With those from whom the Fates have
purged all dross.

Such will he ever reward with foul calumny,
Breed of his own swinish foulness,
Picturing such as he himself would be
If not restrained, (for foulness springs from
infamy

Within the heart) in his blindness
Not seeing in himself what others see!
Calm-faced his statue stands,
As stood he amid the swords

In the furnace of Secession's hate;
The shackles fallen from the late bond-man's
hands

Lie at his feet; no need of words
To praise him; for the slave he dic'd with
Fate!—William Newton Nichols.

Madison Capital Times

2-12-49

Niederhaus, Esther

OUR BELOVED ABE LINCOLN

"In the shadows there
lurks today,"

OUR BELOVED ABE LINCOLN
To the Editor of The Courier:
In the shadows there lurks today,
A tall thin man, his hat in hand
With beared face and eagle eye,
Looking over his native land.

The wagon trails of many states,
This great man has wearily trod
Serving, loving the common man,
And strong in his belief in God.

From crude cabin of hand hewen
log,
Came this great leader of man;
A symbol of democracy,
A united nation his plan.

Today he seems to live again
In every American heart.
This tall thin man in rusty black,
Of America he's a part.
—Esther Niederhaus.

Lincoln---The Hoosier Youth

By Bernard Niezer, '33

Sitting on a stump of oak—
The tree he felled by powerful stroke.
In pensive mood we see his frown
That deepens as the sun goes down.
And as the oak that never bends
To greet the storm when it descends,
We see Lincoln, man of might—
A sturdy oak on a stormy night.

And the book that's in his hand—
A bony hand that tills the land—
Tells the story of how he craved,
And all the handicaps he braved
To know what great men did and thought,
And how their battles were bravely fought.
An ardent desire possessed his soul—
A passion to reach the highest goal.

The dog that's sitting by his side
Was always his most trusted guide,
For when he roamed in the forest dark
He would often hear his dog's clear bark,
As it watched beside the holy mound
Where Lincoln's mother lay in the ground.
And Abe would sit there long—and weep
Until the shadows grew thick and deep,
For he owed to her, as he could see,
All that he was or hoped to be.

His axe beside the stump of oak,
Had yielded many a muscular stroke;
As he earned his scanty livelihood
By splitting rails from the forest's wood.
He's a product of the Hoosier state—
A fact that no one can debate.
It was here he learned the ways of truth,
Thus he is called the Hoosier Youth.
Here, too, his career was first begun,
And Indiana calls him, "Son".

Center City H.S. Fort Wayne, Ind. 1933

A MAN IN WASHINGTON

(By Van Ness Nolan)

There's a man who sits in Washington,
In a great white, stone arm chair,
His forehead has deep wrinkles—
And he's quiet and thoughtful there.

I wonder if we disturb him
As we clamber up the stair,
Or perhaps he is pleased—
That we evidence that we care. -
To visit with him awhile,
When there are so many things to do
In the Capitol of this great Nation
That belongs to me and you.

I'm sure he is grateful
For the tribute which we show,
Should he speak, it's sure he'd say,
There are many miles more to go.

I believe he'd point eastward
To the great, great Capitol dome,
And recite man's eternal struggle—
For freedom and a home.

I think he'd say, there's no compromise,
For truth and justice here,
You must keep in mind, forever—
There is no man without a peer.

Of the days of '65
With the Nation torn apart,
He no doubt would tell you
That we'd only made a start.

Of himself, he'd say but little,
But he'd readily point around
To other stanch Americans—
Who steadfastly held their ground.

The past you must forget,
But for the lessons it has taught.
I believe he'd sternly admonish—
That freedom is dearly bought.

Your fathers and your countrymen,
Sewed the red, the white, the blue,
And whether their blood was spilled in vain—
Is squarely up to you.

When you've seen their work about you
In this symbol of liberty and peace,
He'd pray that you'd remember—
Your vigilance must never cease.

For yours is a gift from
The true, the brave, the tried,
Never let their spirits say—
We're sorry, for you we died.

Nunes, Joseph A.

Lincoln and Hamlin! God Bless Them!

"There's a sound like the
surges of the ocean,"

THE DAILY NEWS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUG. 22.

Lincoln and Hamlin! God Bless Them!

Air—*Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*

BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

There's a sour like the surges of ocean,
Or winds sweeping forest and lea;
It comes from a nation in motion—
From millions who've sworn to be free!

There are thoughts, beyond words which impress
them,

As they shout with enraptured applause—
"Here's to Lincoln and Hamlin! God bless them!
And bless, too, our country and cause!"

CHORUS.

And bless, too, our country and cause!
And bless, too, our country and cause!
Here's to Lincoln and Hamlin! God bless them!
And bless, too, our country and cause!

Through the portals of death speak the sirens,
Aroused from their haven of rest,
To kindle the slumbering fires,
Till they glow in each patriot's breast!

They stretch out their arms to caress them—
Their children, who honor their laws—
And cry—"Lincoln and Hamlin! God bless them!
And bless, too, our country and cause!"

CHORUS.

And bless, too, our country and cause! &c.

The Future speaks out with its voices,
And joins with the rest of all time,
As it smiles with delight, and rejoices
At a scene, more than grand, that's sublime!

And vain is the hope to suppress them,
Or to stifle the shouts of applause,
Which cry—"Lincoln and Hamlin! God bless them!
And bless, too, our country and cause!"

CHORUS.

And bless, too, our country and cause, &c.

N. C. H.

MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN

26 Kansas City Star 2/2/37

"The coppers fall from
children's willing hands,

MEMORIAL TO LINCOLN.
The coppers fall from children's willing hands,
The silver pours into the treasure chest
And checks fall lightly as the flowing sands
To honor Lincoln of the virile West.

Despised and flouted as the prophets be,
For he had dared to stoop and lift the lowly,
At last we see this man of destiny
Was passioned by a purpose high and holy.

The world has long acclaimed his rugged worth
And laid its noblest tributes at his feet,
We too would glorify this man of earth
By something lasting, eloquent, and meet.
And so, let bronze and granite do their best
To honor one among God's kingliest.

C. H. N.



